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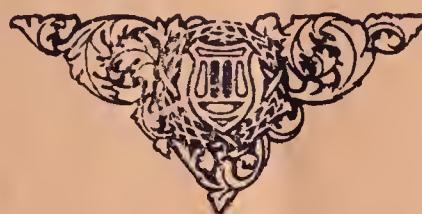
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Club Stunts

Five Entertaining Stunts
for
Women's Clubs
High Schools, Lodges *and*
Other Organizations

By IDA G. NORTON
La Junta, Colo.



cc1922

PRICE

Six Copies, \$2.50

AUG 11 1922

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THE *WHY* OF THESE STUNTS

After putting on two of these stunts recently, in clubs to which she belongs, and realizing the big demand and small supply of this kind of entertainment, Mrs. Norton has written out these five with the expectation that they will help to fill the oft expressed query, "Where can we find a new stunt or comedy playlet?"

By advertising, these can be made real moneymakers—if so desired. The playlet, "At the Photographers" (written for the occasion), won cash prize over seven stunts in a contest in May, 1922.

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1922**

Ida G. Norton

AUNT SALLY SAUNDERS' HEALTH CRUSADE

CAST.

Aunt Sally Saunders, dressed as a farmer's wife, in her home.

Mrs. Elmira Peters, a neighbor, wearing sunbonnet, house dress and apron, runs in for a morning chat.

Aunt Sally (puts on her spectacles, frowning while she looks over several large sheets of paper, covered with writing, as she seats herself at a small table): "Oh, Mercy! Seems like I'll never get this writ up to suit me. I do hope nobody comes along to bother me, especially Elmiry Peters. Now I'll hafta read this all over again."

(Someone raps at the door.)

Aunt Sally (talking as she goes to the door): "Good land! Who's that now comin' to bother me? Oh, **Elmira Peters** (shaking hands), how glad I am to see you!"

Elmira: "I s'pose you're busy as ever, Aunt Sally" (sitting down. Aunt Sally seats herself at the table).

Aunt Sally: "Well, I sh'd say so. You know, Elmiry, I went over to Pine Center a month ago to the big Grange meetin', an' I seen Mrs. Abe Weatherman there. She comes to Jerkwater the next Sunday a-visitin' Mrs. Swinehart, a member of the Tuesday Busybody Club, an' told her about me bein' there. So Mrs. Swinehart thot it would be instructive like for me to come and tell the club some of the good things the speakers give us there. She ast me to read a **paper**. Land alive! I never done writ a **paper** in **my life**. I mostly write to my sister, Lizzie, or the mail order houses. I told her though, I'd try to recollect the best things Miss Cheeseman said about 'How to Feed Your Family.' That wasn't exactly her text, but that is where she landed. She said (reading from paper), 'The fireplace (fireside) is the hub of the universe.' Now, Elmiry, I've saw lots of fireplaces but I never seen one that looked like a **hub**. She talked awhile about the family life and about how one generation all has good indigestion, an' the next one, seems like, all has bad indigestion. She said so much about everything a-most dependin' on the mother, I thot it was real discouragin' to young folks jest a startin' out in life. She said, 'The housewife regulates the pulses of the family by her cookin'.'

"Now, I can jest tell you when Amos gets one of them bilious spells o' his'n, an' lays on the lounge, an' has a fever with his pulse a thumpin' at two hundred a minute, it don't make no defference **what I cook** for him, his pulse don't slow down a mite—I c'n cook up a big dinner an' he won't eat a bite. She said, 'For health, serve breakfast **serious** (cereals) with cream an' sugar first.'

Well, I thot I'd try some of her directions on Amos an' see how they worked, so one morning I fetched in the cream an' sugar jest as serious as I could: he wouldn't **tech** it.

"She talked a lot about **vittlemites** (vitamines.) Now, who'd think of **mites** in vittles? You an' me knows all about **chicken mites**, but I never hearn tell o' these kind. She says **aigs** is full of 'em. I wasn't settin' very clost up so I listened real good along there, 'cause she was from **Rhode Island**, an' I was real sure she would say something about **Rhode Island Reds**. I'd a lot rather raise them than any other chickens. Well, I've looked careful through sev'ral **aigs**, an I cain't find a thing in 'em. I s'pose it takes a pair of **pow'rful** specs to see 'em. I need to have mine changed, I guess. My mother used to wear these (taking hold of her spectacles), first ones she ever had. All this talk about **aigs** an' fresh meat an' butter with **fat** in it, made me kinda scairt o' lots o' things, Elmiry. She said only a certain number of these vittlemites was good for home consumption, an' not to assume too many. Why, I don't believe jest a leetle bunch of 'em would a been good for Sarah Ellen Bates when she got so low with consumption, but they're dangerous, she said, an' mebby they jest et up her lungs right along, an' there's ole Ezry Marner coughin' his life away. They say he raises a good deal when he coughs; I'll bet most of it is them vittlemites jest a-chokin up his lungs an' liver. I made up my mind I couldn't feed Amos more'n one **aig** a day or he'd just be a walkin' **menadgery** o' them germ things. The mornin' I giv him breakfast serious, I brung in one **aig** soft biled, as she said, an' **no meat**. Amos giv **one look** at it, an' he says, 'Woman!' he says. Whenever he calls me 'Woman,' I know he's **mad**. 'What'er you a givin' me?' he says, as cross as he could say it, Elmiry, er I hope to die. I jest cain't stand to have **nobody** jump at me airly in the mornin'; I get all het up to onct. He says, 'Whatcha tryin' to do? Bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to your grave?' he says. That made me so **mad**, I was half cryin'. I says (half crying in high pitched voice), 'No, I don't s'pose you'll sorrow much to **my grave**; I s'pose you're like the Bible says—you'd rather live all your life on top o' the house, in peace, than live with a bawling woman', I says. You know, Elmiry, that was what Moses told the Queen of Sheba when she brung a whole trainload of camels to Jerusalem to put into Solomon's temple.

"Scripter always shuts Amos up; he can't cote any and dassen't answer back.

"Well, I fried him a big slice o' ham, an' three **aigs**, an' six griddle cakes, an' give him three cups of coffee. I thot I'd jest go along same as always if the **mites choked** him to **death**.

"She talked a lot about heavy foods, an' said hot breads, an' corn-

meal, buckwheat cakes an' fresh meat an' lots of other good things had calliopes (calories) in 'em."

Elmira: "Calliopes! Well, that's the **beatenest** I ever hearn tell of. What was them?"

Aunt Sally: "We've all saw calliopes, an' hearn 'em, too, at the circuses, but these is different. She said it was **dangerous** to eat too many of 'em to a meal. They have a way of **heatin'** up your insides."

Elmira: "Mercy on us! Think of the dreadful chances we're takin' all the time. Are they germs too?"

Aunt Sally: "Yes, an' bad ones, I guess, cause they're in so many things we eat an' stop indigestion entirely sometimes. I've hunted for them, too, but I guess the heat makes them divisible. When I feel itchy, I think of all them vittlemites an' calliopes a-creepin' round inside o' me, an' it gives me an' awful creepy feelin' all over. Amos says, 'Whatcha don't know a'int a-goin' to hurtcha nohow.' I wisht sometimes I hadn't went over to that Grange meetin'. It puts such big, new **idees** in a body's head. When I git to thinkin' about it at night, I hafta git up when I cain't sleep an' take a good drink o' cider.

"She said, 'Nesessity is the mother of conventions.' Now, Elmiry, you know an' I know they's lots of **wimmin** in this country is the mothers of **children**. An' lastly I mustn't forgit to tell about the big **plants** she told about. I never hearn of 'em before. They're **factory** plants. I'm sure we don't raise nothing like 'em 'round here. They raise food for children on big ones round Niagry Falls. I s'pose they grow so big there because they have so much water. They grow shelled wheat, an' they make what she called 'Shellded Wheat Biscuit' (Shredded Wheat Biscuit) out of it. An' they have sev'ral big plants at Battle Crick. That's another big place where they have plenty of water all the time. I ast a lady next to me what the name of them was, an' she said **serious** (cereal) plants. That's what it sounded like; my deef ear was nighest to her. I thot o' your night bloomin' cerice, Elmiry, I wonder if they're anything like it. But, of course, they're **great big trees**."

Elmira: "Oh, yes; sure. Why, there's lots o' things in the world, ain't they, Aunt Sally?"

Aunt Sally: "There was Miss Belindy Brimstone, a nurse from a **hosspittle** in Buffalo. She talked jest like the colored preacher does over to Jerkwater. She said her subject was, 'Bettah Babies,' an' that there was lots more better babies today than they used to be, an' they ought to be lots more than they is, that folks have learned to take better care of them these days. I cain't agree with her there, 'cause nobody ever took better care of their babies than I did an' nobody had **more better** babies than mine was."

"She said, 'You oughta feed certain times by the clock two or three hours apart, and not every time they cry.' "

Elmira: "The poor little things! Why, I couldn't treat a **dog** as **mean** as that. I've got a good heart in me if I ain't good lookin'."

Aunt Sally: "I sh'd say **so!** With my three babies I never denied 'em **nothing**. I'll never have that troublin' my conscience all my life. Little Samuel was as fine a baby as you ever seen, so big an' strong an' when he was sixteen months old he c'd eat griddle cakes an' sausage, drink coffee and eat mince pie **jest like a man**. (She tells all this proudly.) When he was twenty months old he was took with convulsions an' died awful suddent-like. Then little David had hookin' cough awful bad when he was a year old. We drove over to my folkses at Christmas an' he taken a bad cold on his lungs an' in three days he died right in my arms, grasin' for breath. But Jake pulled through an' we're turrible proud of him over to the agriculcher college in Kansas. Why, when he's through there he'll know how to raise all kinds of agriculcher, which is lots better'n plain farmin'. He's workin' his way through, too, takin' care of the horses, tho what they want of a lot of **horses to college** for I don't know. I s'pose for the boys to ride; they're awful good to 'em there."

"Elmira: "Well, Aunt Sally, I **must** go. I've enjoyed your paper an awful lot. Missouri oughta feel proud of women like you. Now don't get scairt at the club. Keep a stiff upper jaw. Goodbye. Come an' see me soon an' set awhile."

Aunt Sally (gathering up her papers): "Good land! It's nigh a-most **noon**. I'm glad Elmiry did come 'cause I had a chanct to think up a lot o' things like I want to say. I must hurry out an' start the dinner."

NOTE—When Aunt Sally reads she pushes her spectacles close to her eyes. When she talks to Elmira she pulls them half way down her nose and looks over the top of them.

DE INCOMIN' TAX.

MONOLOGUE

Cast—Mrs. Chocolate Brown.

Enter Mrs. Brown (coming home from market carrying basket heaped with vegetables, bread, paper bags tied, etc.)

"Howdy, Mis' Scandalmenger; I's jes gittin' home fum market. Thankee, I'll jes set heah on de poach. Yas'm, it's comin' powahful wahm dis mohnin'. (Fans herself with a big bandana kerchief while she rocks and puffs, appearing very warm.) Yaas'm, tings is gittin' a li'l cheapah. Yo gits two loaves o' bread fo' twenty-fi' cents stiddin' o' thutty so we's sayin' money allus gittin' **two loaves** an' we eats twice de same 'mount o' bread. An' aigs thutty-two cents a dozen stiddin' o' eighty-fi' cents. They's lots o' bandandits roun' this heah town what ain't stickin' no gun up agin yo' insides, no suh! They's jes keepin' tings **outen** yo' insides. But we's jes had de mos' straightenupest time down to ouah house bouten de incomin' tax. Laws a massa (shaking her head mournfully), de times dem taxes bandandits has a-gittin' money outen folkses what dey nevah done make. Cohs dey gits aftah my ole man Rastus, caus'n he's runnin' de E-le-ite pool hall fo' Mistah Buncoman. An' Rastus he comes home t'othah day in de upsettinest windah frame o' mind y'evalh done looked thoo. 'Choc'late,' he says, 'what yo' tink,' Rastas says, 'we's gotta sell mos' ev'ting in dis house to pay dat incomin' tax! Oh, Lawdy!' he say. I says, 'Rastus Brown, what youall spitten' outen yo' mouf, bouten some old ingrowin' tax? Wy, Rastus, you's de mos' combustible big fool I have evah done saw,' I says. 'Who's done sca'd yo' white,' I says.

"'Jedge Winebibbah, he's aftah me,' he says. Ah puts mah han on him (puts her hand up as though she were patting him) an' ah says, 'Now, li'l un, jes leave dis to yo' Choc'late,' ah says, 'an' she'll see Jedge Winebibbah myself, befo' de cock crows three times,' ah says. A li'l Scripter allus depresses Rastus, Mis' Scandalmonger, so I puts on my bes' clo'es, an' powdah, an' pefumwry an' I goes a foxtrottin' down to Jedge Winebibbahs place. 'Hello, Mis' Brown,' says the Jedge (seein' I was a lady). 'What kin I hep yo' to, a di-vorse?' I didn't anseh him right quick, caus'n mah haht was a jumpin' right up in my mouf so fast like. Ah hadda swaller some big lumps whiles I se' down kinda heavy like but when ah could gestickilate ah says, 'Jedge, I'se come to be consolin' you a little bouten how much money wo ain't got.' 'Oh, yes, incomin' tax,' he says, squinchin' up his eyes

while's he played roun' wid a lead pencil on a sheet o' paper. Now, le' me tell you suthin', Mis' Scandalmonger, mebby you don' know (shaking her finger impressively at her) whenevah de obsessor man or the ingrowin' tax man comes roun' yo' is a pore woman. 'Jedge,' I says, 'ah ain't got nothin' to sell to pay no incomin' tax. I'm a po' woman,' I says. He is a kind sympathetin' soht o' man an' makes yo' want **him** to know as much bouten yo' as yo' knows **yosef**. He says, 'Don't yo' be worritin', Mis' Brown,' he says. 'That's a mighty glad lookin' dress you're awearin,' he says, 'looks like they's good stuff in it.' Ha, ha, ha, (she rocks back and forth, laughing uproarously, slapping on her knee, ending with a little high squeal), to tink of him noticin' my puhple dress, Mis' Scandalmonger. Ah says, 'Tank you, Jedge, it's a sixty dollah gayrmint I got at (naming a local firm) fo' thutty-seben fifty.' Then he talked bouten lots of tings I've got in mah house, my 'lectric washin' mashine fo' hundred an' sixty-fi dollahs, an' my sewin' mashine motah fo' twenty-fo' fifty, 'n mah graphafoom cost th'ee hundred dollahs, 'n lotsa things, jes visitin' like, nevah talkin' bouten no incomin' tax **a tall**. The Jedge says, 'Ise spectin' Mose Huckaberry in to fix up his tax today.' I says (sitting forward and getting excited), 'What! Mose Huckaberry, that low down chofer what works fo' the day an' night garidge? Law sakes! My ole man he makes six times mor'n Mose 'n not half try. Wy, offentimes dey done give Rastus a hundehd dollahs to keep his mouf shut at a good game. Rastus he says dey mout go to paradin' de place so we ain't tellin' nothin' what's goin' on. Ah reckon ah kin pay spotted cash fo' moah fummadiddles than th'ee, fo' families like Mose wid his six pickaninny ragamuffins.' 'Well,' de Jedge says, 'dem six brats o' his'n worf fo' hundehd dollahs each an ev'y one, an' Mis' Brown **yo'** chile is worf fo' hundehd.' 'What!' I says, 'my chile Vi'let Rose, (getting very excited, pounding the arm of her chair with her fist.) Wy, she's done worf fo' hundehd thousan' dollahs stidden o' fo hundehd dollahs. Wy, dat gell o' mine, she's de mos' pop'larst gell on de mahket today, an' huh jes' fifteen yeahs ole come las' fall. Now I ain't a-braggin' (you knows me, Mis' Scandalmonger), but of all the gells in dis heah town I'll **tell the worl** they'n **one** cain't hole a plummah's candle to my **Vi'let Rose**.'

" 'Well, Mis' Brown,' says the Jedge, 'you doan hafto pay no incomin' tax atall iffen yo' jes put yo' mahk right theh to show youall been heah fo' consolation an' advice, all yo' has to pay is de small summons of twenty-fo' dollahs an' sixty-fi' cents an' save **yosef** hunneds of dollahs.' So I jes prejuice a few bills I done snuk outen Rastuses Sunday pants an' I ain't done tole **nobody**. Well, I mus' be gwine long, goo'bye (starts away. This last may be used as an encore). Oh, say, Mis' Scandalmonger, dey **do say** Jedge Winebibber has cases

an' cases o' bootlaigs, but whaten he does wid 'em, **you-tell-me**, caus'n I done looked ev'wheh in his wohk shop an' I nevah done seen one rubbah nor leathah bootlaig an' I tuk puticklah notice he was weahin' **low shoes**, when I went to see him. Well, goo'bye, Mis' Scandalmonger, come'n see me sometime."

NOTE—To color chocolate brown, use a bar of bakers sweet chocolate dry, melt in dish over steam, apply while warm. Cover face, neck, arms and hands except palms. Is easily washed off.

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

CAST—Photographer (dressed as a young man, wearing small moustache, large, heavy shell rim spectacles, hair straight back, and by turning under and pinning flat at crown of head with lower back hair and just over ears drawn up tightly and pinned securely, a young man's style of haircut is easily achieved.

A sign. "**I. SHOOTEM, PRIZE POSE AND LIGHTNING ARTIST**," should be conspicuously displayed. Camera and tripod. This may be home made, which adds much to amusement of audience. A corrugated pasteboard box about 7x10, with a tomato can inserted half way in one end, open end out, the whole painted black and mounted on some old brass curtain rods the right height, put in tripod fashion; secure these by board nailed inside box and rods stuck into gimlet holes. Add black cloth and toy squawker. Make slots at right side of camera for plates, two small tin pie plates. Studio should have several chairs, one child's chair, a small stand with glass vase of flowers half full of water.

FIRST PICTURE.

CAST—Old maid, Miss Priscilla Peabody (should dress in old fashioned costume if possible, with bonnet, side curls, mitts, etc.)

Miss Peabody (entering timidly): "Good morning, Mr. Shootem."

Phot.: "Good morning, Miss Peabody (shaking hands), you're out early today."

Miss P.: "Yes, I thot I'd have you take a picture of me, if you could take a good one."

Phot.: "Oh, certainly. I **always** take a **good** one. I have a special bargain to offer you today, my six dollar ones are five ninety-five for this week. I have several kinds of finish (showing her some photo-

graphs). These are the sleepy (sepia) finish, and this the gray enamel, and this the oxodized. You can have any of these—the plain or fabric finish."

Miss P.: "Is the fabric wool or cotton?"

Phot.: "Oh, cotton; but it's all right, wears well."

Miss P.: "I believe I'll have the fabric finish then, because I read all kinds of cotton fabrics are very stylish now in New York. Do you think I'd take a good allover picture, or just half of me?"

Phot. (eyeing her critically): "Oh, a full length, Miss Peabody, would be fine. You know the old saying, 'Seeing is believing,' and if your friends can see only half of you, how can they imagine what you look like?"

Miss P.: "I always get **nervous** when I have a picture taken. I want to send one to a very dear friend who has not seen me in a long time." (Simpering.)

Phot.: "Well, we'll be seated and get ready. (Arranges her dress. Just as he is pretending to sight her through the camera with the cloth over his head, she jumps with a scream upon another chair, holding her dress around her feet, screaming, "A mouse! A mouse!" He grabs a cane and strides over to the mouse hiding behind a leg of the stand and kills the dead mouse, holding it up by the tail. He coaxes her back into her chair, patting her shoulder; tells her where to look and takes the picture with a squawk of the toy under the cloth. She jumps violently.)

Phot.: "Well, there; it's all over and I think will be **fine**."

Miss P.: "When can I see the proof?"

Phot.: "In about an hour. I have a lightning process, with veedol oil and carbolic acid. I work very fast."

Miss P.: "I'll make a down payment of a dollar, Mr. Shootum; if that is all right." (Hands him a dollar which he stuffs into his pants pocket with great satisfaction as Miss P. goes out saying, "Goodbye."

Phot. "Well, I'll get busy (takes a tin plate out of the camera and goes into the dark room, hears someone coming and comes out to greet them)."

SECOND PICTURE—FOUR GENERATIONS.

CAST—Great grandma, grandma, mother, child. (Great grandma should be dressed like an old lady, gray hair parted in the middle, bonnet tied under her chin; is lame and hard of hearing, and carries an ear trumpet—a toy will do. Mrs. Strong, her daughter, is a middle aged woman. Mrs. Weeks, young and up to date. The child may be a big doll.)

Mrs. Strong: "Is this Mr. Shootem's picture gallery?"

Phot.: "Yes, I am Mr. Shootem (coming over to Mrs. Weeks who

is carrying the baby), I suppose it is the baby gets screened today."

Mrs. Weeks: "Oh, he doesn't scream any."

Mrs. Strong: (introduces her mother, Mrs. Elder, and her daughter, Mrs. Weeks, and Jimmy Weeks): "We thot we'd have a picture of the four of us if you could take it."

Phot.: "Oh, fine. A four generations picture (places chairs for them). What finish would you like. This is the dappled gray, this the oxodized, and this the sleepy, which is a brown tint and gives a very soft effect." (The mother and daughter confer together.)

Mrs. Strong: "You'd better ask mother what she thinks; she might feel slighted. She doesn't hear well."

Phot. (trying to show the pictures): "Grandma, which finish do you like? (She does not hear. He shouts louder. She puts up her ear trumpet.) The others like the sleepy finish best." (Shows the photos.)

Grandma (in a high pitched, querulous voice): "Well, it don't make no difference to me, just so it don't **cost** too much."

Phot.: "Oh, they're all the same price, five ninety-five a dozen. They've been six dollars, but I am making a **special price** this week. There's a reason why you should patronize your home town, you **get bargains.**" (He seats them. Mrs. Weeks, holding the baby, sits by grandma; Mrs. Strong stands just back of them and rather between. The child is fussy and has to have the nursing bottle. Just as he gets all ready to shoot, grandma nods a little.)

Mrs. Strong (shaking her shoulder): "Oh, mother; you mustn't go to sleep." (She shouts in her ear.)

Grandma (waking with a start): "Mercy! I thot I was in church." (Mrs. Weeks hands the bottle, half full of milk, to her mother, who stands, rigidly clutching it, while the picture is taken. After telling them where to look and to smile, he snaps it with a squawk. They all jump, except grandma.) *

Phot.: "I am afraid the baby moved. We'd better try another." (Asks Mrs. Strong to sit and hold the baby and Mrs. Weeks to stand. The baby is fussy, and just as he snaps it they are all looking at the baby.)

Phot.: "I am sure one of these will be good." (They get up to go.)

Grandma: "Well, it is over. I'd rather have a tooth pulled any day than get my picture took."

Mrs. Strong: "When can we see the proofs?"

Phot.: "This afternoon. With my quick process of mazola oil and muriatic acid I can produce very rapid results."

(They leave.)

THIRD PICTURE—BRIDE AND GROOM.

CAST—Bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Younglove. Enter groom with tall bride leaning upon his arm, decked out in white wedding dress with long lace curtain veil held by white flowers. Groom is short, wears long coat and high silk hat, and wears moustache.

Groom: "Is Mr. Shootum in today?"

Phot. (coming forward cordially, shaking hands): "I am Shootem."

Groom: "My name is Younglove, and this is my wife, Mr. Shootem."

Phot. (bowing low): "Ah, Mrs. Younglove; so delighted to know you."

Younglove: "We've just been married and we want a fine big picture just as we are."

Phot.: "Splendid. Now, Mr. Younglove, you will sit here and the bride will stand at your left."

Bride: "Oh, no; I want to stand at his right so I can hang my hand over his shoulder and show my rings." (Shows the photographer how and displays an immense glass set ring. He drapes her vail, etc., while the groom smiles at her and pats her hand.)

Phot. (going to camera and sighting): "Now, all ready. Mrs. Younglove look right over here, and Mr. Younglove about here."

Bride (looking down): "But I don't want to look there; I want to look at **him**."

Phot. "Your eyes will show better if you look here." (Bride takes a rigid attitude; groom tries to fix his gaze; photographer says, "Ready, one, two, three," and snaps it just as the groom rolls his eyes up to the bride.)

Phot.: "Fine. Now, what finish would you like; I have a rainbow tint that is in colors, and only costs five dollars more."

Groom (loftily): "That will suit, money is no object. Here is a down payment (handing him a couple of bills) and we will be back next week." (They sweep out, arm in arm.)

(The photographer hurriedly changes plates, when a group of club women arrives.)

FOURTH PICTURE—GROUP OF CLUB WOMEN.

CAST—Club women (any number); Mrs. Bumpus and little girl, Betsy Jane; Miss De Flapper and aunt, Mrs. Clymer.

Betsy Jane should be a club woman dressed as a little girl, and is very naughty. Miss De Flapper is an up to date flapper, carrying a vanity case and powdering her nose often.

Club women enter.

Mrs. Clymer: "This is Mr. Shootem's photograph study, ain't it?"

Photo.: "Yes, I am Mr. Shootem."

Mrs. Clymer: "Oh, Mr. Shootem; I am Mrs. Clymer and I'd like to introduce to you my niece, Miss De Flapper, who has just graduated from college at Valparaiso, Indiana."

Phot. (shaking hands): **Valparaiso!** That is where the Valspar varnish is made, I believe. (Puts his hands into his trousers pockets and becomes very genial.) Well, I graduated two years ago from the Edsel-Ford College in Detroit. I specialized in **mechanical art**. That is where the Mona Lizzie is made. Now, who wants a picture; **you**, I suppose." (Looking sweetly at Miss De Flapper, who returns his look.)

Club Woman: "We are the Sunny Monday Club from Rubeville, and we thot we'd like to all be together in a picture. Do you think we'd make a good collection?"

Phot.: "Oh, indeed, yes. The Sunny Monday Club is a literary club, eh?"

Club Woman: "Yes, the Sunny Monday **Literary Soap Club**. With every hundred cakes we buy we get a beautiful book, and (impressively) we study how to raise chickens, how to care for our husbands, and how to vote." (If there is a local man up for office she can add, "And when So-and-so runs for office we'll all vote for him.)

Phot.: "Well, now, ladies; we will get ready for a shot." (Arranges the chairs. Half will stand behind those sitting, showing many sprawling hands over shoulders.)

Betsy Jane: "Did you say youse agonna shoot?"

Phot.: "Only a picture; that won't hurt."

Betsy Jane (rolling her eyes all round): "Maw, is this the place where Mr. Walt had Skeezixes picture took?"

Ma: "Keep still, Betsy Jane; I guess so."

Betsy Jane: "Maw, will I know when I get took?"

Ma: "Yes, child; it won't hurt. Mr. Shootem, you mustn't mind Betsy Jane; she's an awful nervous child."

Phot.: "It's all right, madam; I have splendid success with children." (Makes a few changes; places Miss De Flapper at one end, standing. She loses no chance to smile at him.)

Betsy Jane: "Where'm I goin' to set?"

Phot.: "We'll see." (Going to camera.)

Betsy Jane (coming to him): "Say, Mr. Shooter, yain't got no cookies round here, have yuh?"

Phot.: "I'm afraid not, but try one of these." (Giving her a big gum drop out of his coat pocket, which she pops into her cheek, sucking in her breath and making a noise.)

(Photographer seats her at her mother's knees on a little chair. Her mother is always turning around to talk to the other women.)

Ma: "Now, Betsy Jane; you set real still or a big bear'll come out of there and catch you."

Betsy Jane: "Aw, you always say that, but I never seen one yet."

Phot. (impatiently leaving camera): "Oh, my! Betsy Jane, you can't **chew anything** while I'm **taking your picture**."

(She hurriedly spits the gumdrop into her kerchief, making a lot of noise. Ma gets her kerchief out and wipes Betsy's mouth.)

Phot.: "Betsy Jane, you look here at the camera; the row standing behind look there (pointing); those sitting look here, and (pointing to Miss De Flapper) **you** look at **me** (pointing to himself very significantly) Now, all ready; one, two, three." (A squawk. They all jump violently. Betsy screams.)

Phot.: "Well, I'm afraid Betsy Jane moved and spoiled this one. We'd better try another one to make sure of a good one."

(Photographer rearranges the group a little. Betsy Jane gets restless.)

Betsy Jane (standing): "Maw, I'm **thirsty**. I **wanta drink, ma**."

Ma (coaxingly): "Now, you set still a minute like a good girl, and I'll get you some sody water."

Betsy Jane (stamping her foot): "I want it **now**."

(While ma's attention is taken by the photographer, Betsy roams over to the stand where a glass half full of water holds some flowers. Grasping the flowers with one hand, she drinks out of the glass, when her mother discovers her.)

Ma (rushing to her and snatching the glass): Oh, **Betsy Jane**; for mercy's sake! What **are** you drinking!" (Turning to the club women, half crying.) "Oh, I wonder if it will poison her."

Club Woman (crossly): "Course not. Just give her a big dose of pyroxide when you get home. That'll fix the poison." (Betsy rubs her mouth with the back of her hand and begins to whimper.)

Ma (jerking her along, pushes her down hard into her seat. Betsy throws the flowers angrily into the middle of the floor.)

Ma: "Now, Betsy Jane; you behave yourself."

(Ma talks to those back of her. The photographer goes into the dark room a moment. Betsy slips up to the camera, takes out one of the plates and licks it once with her tongue, then tries to look straight up through it and turns toward the group, holding it close to her eyes.)

Betsy Jane: "Maw; oh, maw; I see ye; yer upside down, maw."

Ma: "Good gracious, Betsy Jane! You'll break that." Betsy tries to replace it in a hurry and lets it fall.)

Ma (picking it up): "Betsy Jane, you naughty girl; just look what you have did!" (Betsy begins to cry.)

Phot.: "Never mind, madam; I have plenty more plates."

(Betsy sits down, sobbing against her mother's knee. She finally gets her quieted, wipes her eyes and some imaginary dirt off her cheek, wetting her kerchief placed over her finger.)

Phot.: "Now, Betsy Jane; if you'll just look here (pointing to camera lens) a little bird may fly right out of here as I take the picture. You keep your eyes open; maybe you can catch him." (Betsy Jane sits with mouth open and arms outstretched, watching intently for the bird. The group all stare with set faces when the photographer says "Ready," and all jump when the picture is snapped.)

Phot.: "That's all. I'm sure that was a **good** one."

Club Woman: "When can we see the proofs?"

Phot.: "At four this afternoon. You see with Wesson oil and carbonic acid I work fast." (They start out and Miss De Flapper says, "Goodbye.")

Miss De Flapper: "Goodbye, Mr. Shootem. I'm coming right soon to have a picture taken."

Phot. (grasping her hand in both of his): "I'd like to take you life size."

Miss De Flapper: "Do come over to Oak Ridge to visit us soon; it's the house with seventeen gables."

Phot.: "I'll drive over **Sunday**."

(Betsy comes rushing back and in a whining tone says: "Oh, Mr. Shooter; gimme that birdie.")

Phot.: "It's gone; Betsy Jane. Take this and run along." (Gives her a gum drop. She runs as her mother calls her.)

(Curtain.)

HOW TO REDUCE.

CAST—Any number of club women, padded to make them look fat.

Mrs. Hunter, who is hostess to the Jolly Housewives' Club, is dusting and arranging the chairs at the last minute.

Mrs. Hunter: "My! I do hope they'll all come this afternoon, and that Mrs. Peck will bring her cousin, even though she can't stay long. She is so well posted." (Someone raps.)

Mrs. Hunter: "Oh, mercy! There they are." (Receives several club women, and in a few minutes they have all arrived.)

Club President: "Ladies, come to order, please." (Rapping with her gavel.) "We will have the minutes of the last meeting."

Secretary: "The Jolly Housewives' Club met October 9 at the home of Mrs. Swan. Minutes of the last meeting read and approved. No business transacted. A very able paper was read by Mrs. White on the subject, 'What Is the Difference Between the Domestic Pie and the Eskimo Pie,' after which delicious refreshments were served consisting of hot rolls, creamed chicken, riced potatoes, deviled eggs, Imperial salad, olives, preserves, ice cream, cake and coffee."

President: "We will have a few current events first, if anyone has anything to bring."

Club Woman: "I have been reading some articles in the Brownville Meteor on 'Overweight, Underweight, and Health,' and I am convinced that I ought to reduce but do not know just how to proceed. I have a weak heart and am afraid to diet much." (She looks around inquiringly.)

Another: "Oh, well; **starving** yourself may not reduce you."

Another: "I have read that we ought to live almost entirely on fruits, and exercise a great deal."

Another: "Well, I can't buy fruit all the time; it is too expensive, and not fattening. I need nourishment." (She is thin.)

Another: "Ladies, I have heard that six quarts of buttermilk a day will drive the **hives** away. That is worth remembering."

Another (scornfully): "Well, who has hives, and wants to go around like a barrel churn with the butter just removed, and all the buttermilk left in?"

Another: "Ladies, I have just read that some kinds of perfume will drive **ants** away."

Another: "Gracious. I should think so, and **uncles** and **cousins**, too. Why, some perfumes would drive **burglars** away. Smells like a combination of musk and asafetida." (They all laugh.)

President: "Well, ladies, we will dispense with our regular program today, as we have with us Miss Allen, who will leave in a couple of hours for Chicago. We will ask her to talk on whatever interesting topic she likes."

Miss Allen: "Madam president and ladies. I am sure many of you are interested in the subject of reducing your weight (looking at the fat ones who are padded. They nod). Well, I have just taken a course in Chicago and lost **twenty-five pounds in five weeks**. You can see I am just about the proper size now. If you like I will put you through a few simple exercises now and send you a book of illustrations, and I'll come back in four weeks to take you through. All stand." (Performs a set of gymnastic exercises which they follow in a listless, lifeless fashion, very funny, looking at one another in dismay as she counts "one, two, three." or "one, two, three, four," and one by one they become exhausted and drop down on their chairs or sink to the floor.)

Miss Allen: "Now, ladies; you must not only exercise but be very careful **what you eat**. I can see by the refreshments this club serves you eat entirely too much and too rich foods. You must leave out things having sugar and starch in them, and butterfat. Eat no milk, butter, ice cream and whipped cream (they look at one another with long, doleful faces), and you should eat no pie nor cake (their faces lengthen), and leave out potatoes, rice, corn, hot bread, white bread, doughnuts, etc., baked beans, fresh pork, sausage and rich stews. Eat only six ounces of lean beef in a week (they slump down with groans). You follow these directions and you'll get thin. Well, really, ladies, I must go to get my train. Sorry I can't stay the afternoon."

(As soon as she goes there is a torrent of comments such as:

"Mercy! I'd just as soon be as big as a barrel and enjoy life."

"Good heavens! Who wants to go through life a poor starved heathen?"

"Why, we have meat three times a day, think of **six ounces!** My cat eats lots more'n that."

"She must think we're all camels, wanting to go through the eye of a needle."

"My husband's fat; he'd look funny going around with a bloodless katydid wife, wouldn't he?"

The fattest one asks: "How many **years** would I have to starve to get slim? Wouldn't it be fun cooking good things and starving to death at the same time?"

Another: "I haven't backbone enough to stick to it. I'd be eating while I'm asleep."

Someone raps, and Mrs. Slocum and her niece, who is from New York, enter.)

The President: "We are happy, ladies, to have with us Miss Swift, of New York. We were just taking exercises to **reduce**. They make us pretty lame, and we'll have to go without almost everything to eat. About the only things left us is bran mash and boiled turnips."

Miss Swift: "I am so glad this subject came up. I know a perfectly wonderful way to reduce. I have just taken the course in New York. (They all sit up and take notice, rock and nod and smile at one another). You don't have to **diet** at all. **Eat everything you like.** (They all clap hands). The system is the science of **reducing to music.**"

"Music!" they exclaim in chorus. "How could **music** make you thin?"

Miss Swift: "Someone go to the piano and play some of the popular airs; some of the choruses and good dance pieces, and I'll show you how it's done. Three months ago I weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds and look at me now. (Whirls around, arms extended wide.) I am sure you'll **enjoy** this. We'll begin the simplest way today. You know if you think that you've never seen any musicians—people who hear a good deal of music—who are **fat**." (The pianist has been practicing softly and they can't keep their feet still.)

Club Woman: "What about the thin lady in the side show—the skeleton woman. Is she so thin because she hears the band so much?"

Another: "Good land, no! Think of the **fat** lady right alongside of her. Why don't **she** get thin?"

Miss Allen: "Oh, she was **born** fat. Now, all stand, hands on hips. Now we'll run forward six steps (or four steps, suiting the number to the time of the music. The fat women should jump up and down rather heavily and in a clumsy manner).

Miss Allen: "Now back (counting with the time of the music), repeat. Now forward, arms outstretched in front; now back. Now arms extended wide to right and left, forward and back. Repeat. Now forward with arms high above head; now back. (Another piano selection may be substituted during this exercise). Now be seated."

(They agree this is easy as dancing.)

"Now hands on sides and we'll do the swaying act." (Keeping time with slow music with hands up on ribs they bend over to right, then back, and to left and back, Miss Allen saying slowly: "R-i-g-h-t; up; l-e-f-t; up." Repeat several times. Some of them get mixed on directions and bump their heads.)

"Now we'll do the rocking act" (Have some rocking chairs, and those on straight chairs can pretend they rock by swaying forward and backward. The music begins slow but increases in tempo and as it quickens they begin to laugh.)

Miss Allen: "Ladies, you **must not laugh**. You know the old adage, 'Laugh and grow fat.'" (They sober up and burst out laughing more and more.)

One Fat Woman: "Say, I'm going to get Annie Jackson to come over and stay at my house to play the piano, and I'm going to rock all day."

Another: "I'll run my phonograph all day and rock."

Miss Allen: "Yes, ladies; you'll **lose an ounce every ten minutes**."

A Fat One: "I begin to feel thinner already (placing her hands over her stomach), and I'm hungry, too."

Miss Allen: "We'll have one more act for today—the bowing act. All stand, extend arms in front, palms up, and bow, keeping time to the music." (The music gradually quickens until half of them fall out, getting so dizzy they grab chairs or each other and sway around. This can be made very laughable. Several exclaim how hungry they are, and begin to tell all the good things they will cook tomorrow, and for supper.)

"I'm glad we don't have to starve to reduce," some one calls out.

Hostess: "Now, ladies, come right this way to the dining room for refreshments." (They crowd out hurriedly, laughing and talking.)

(Curtain.)

ADOPTING AN ORPHAN.

CAST—Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Wilson, who have driven 200 miles from their farm home to Kansas City, intending to hunt up an orphan girl to adopt. They are both rather ill at ease in their "Sunday clothes." Cyrus' collar bothers him. He runs his finger around inside it frequently to ease the size. Maggie, his wife, is stout and pigeon-toed, wears long skirts. (Cyrus is a woman disguised.) Mrs. Moore, the matron, wears a black dress, skirt to ankles, hair parted in middle, combed down smoothly; may wear small black lace cap.

(A rap at door of Orphans' Home.)

Matron answers: "Good morning; come in."

Cyrus (shaking hands): "My name's Cyrus Wilson, from Horner's Hollow, Oklahoma, and this is my wife, Maggie." (Shake hands, matron introduces herself, and seats them.)

Cyrus: "We're **turrible** glad to git here (with a big sigh); we've driv bettr'n two hundred miles since yist'day mornin' four o'clock, an' our little ole fliivver is tied up out here in front, jest a-pawin' to start back home. She don't feel to home in the city no more'n we do, but we kep right on axin till we found this place. We're a-lookin' for a orphan gal to take back with us, ain't we, Maggie?"

Maggie: "Yes, it's powerful lonesome to our place sence our own gal got married an' went off to Texas."

Matron: "What age do you want. We have children from three to fourteen years old."

Cyrus: "Oh, one nine, ten, or 'leven; don't we, Maggie? She orto be good'n husky. We live twenty-five miles from a doctor."

Matron: "We have eight or nine the ages you name. I'll go and bring some of them in so you can look them over."

Cyrus: "Gee, Mag; I guess we've got 'em cornered this time, eh? I feel as excited zif I was to a movie at the county seat."

Maggie: "Now, Cy; let's take our time; don't jump at the first one. You're allus in sich a hurry."

Cyrus: "Well, jest you watch me, Mag. I'm a-gonna see the whole show."

(Enter Matron with two orphans, all orphans are dressed in old faded gingham dresses or bib aprons, stretched down at sides or longer at back than front, hair parted in middle and in two braids

at back tied with strings, or straight back, and top half braided and joined in with lower braid, cotton stockings, wrinkled down; old shoes or slippers, not always mates.)

Matron: "I'm sorry, good folks; we can't dress up a bit, but finances are low. The man who paid most to support this home died six months ago; his relatives are fighting over his property (bringing one girl forward, who is angular and winks very fast all the time, gathering her dress up nervously in her hands at her sides and dropping it again)."

Matron: "This is Sally Mander. She has been here only two months."

Cyrus: "Well, Sally; howdy do." (Trying to shake hands. Sally hesitates, then extends her hand timidly. Cyrus grasps it, swinging it vigorously. She looks around scared and grows more nervous than ever, winking so fast she can hardly see.)

Cyrus: "Have you been a-goin' to school, Sally?"

Sally: "Yessir, I'm in the fifth grade an' I'm 'leven year old last Feb'uary."

Cyrus: "Well, let's see the other gal."

Matron (motioning her to come forward): "This is Emma Grate. She's been here a year." (Emma toes in as she walks and has a nervous way of hitching up one shoulder quite often.)

Cyrus (shaking hands with her): Glad to see ye, Emmy. How old are you?"

Emma: "I'm ten come last August. I'm in the fourth grade at school (talking fast); I c'n sweep an' dust, an' scrub floors, 'n make beds, an' churn. I c'n work like a farmer." (Cyrus laughs, Maggie grins.)

Matron: "That will do, girls; you may go now."

Cyrus: "Do you know anything about their pedigree or what kind o' stock they come from?"

Matron: "Oh, yes; all in black and white." (Goes out after the papers.)

Maggie: "Land o' the livin'! Cy; I couldn't have that Sally wakin' an' squintin' all the time, makes me feel crosseyed, she can't hold still. And Emmy! that twitchin' shoulder makes me think of Saint Vitus dance; an' she toes in **dreatful!**"

Cyrus: "So do you, Mag. Everybody'd think she was oun, ha, ha."

Matron (returns with several typewritten sheets, sits down by a table and reads): "Now, Sally Mander is a good girl; her father was killed by a train in March and her mother was a nice woman but died of flu in January. Emma Grate's father was a dope fiend

and her mother died of overwork. Now, I'll bring in some others." (Goes out.)

Cyrus: "Well, we'll jest set tight an' get a birdseye view of the bunch, eh, Maggie?" (Looking pleased and rubbing his knees.)

Maggie (disgustedly): "Well, I don't like these ones a-tall."

Matron (bringing in two girls, marching them up in front of the Wilsons): "This is Corrie Ander." (Corrie limps painfully, her right leg being shorter she steps on tiptoe. Knowing she is lame she has a hopeless look.)

Cyrus: "Well, Corrie; y'aint very strong, are ye. What's y'ur age?"

Corrie: "I'm most twelve. The doctor says I won't always be lame, I'll outgrow it. Have you got a farm, with pigs an' chickens an' lil' calves?" (Asked with great eagerness.)

Cyrus: "You bet we have, and lots of steers. Think you could learn to rope a steer?"

Corie (looking scared): "Oh, I'm scared of steers. They might kick me." (Cyrus chuckles.)

Cyrus (to the other girl): "And who's this?"

Matron: "She's Anna Gram. She's been here about a year." (Anna is the prettiest girl of all. She bows low at the introduction, and does a little dance step, whirling around.)

Cyrus: "Tut, tut! What have we here, vodyville? What can you do?"

Anna (with a pertinent toss of her head and a giggle): "Not a thing. Why, I wouldn't go out on your old farm for the world. I want to live in a city and have fine clothes—and—lots of beaux, and later go on the stage; my mother was a dancing teacher." (Whirls around, holding one hand high, the other on hip, striking the attitude of a tambourine player and dancer.)

Matron: "That will do, girls; you may go."

Cyrus: "We know all about them two we wanto know. Corrie's too lame and Annie's too swift for me. The farm's no place for her. Please trot out a couple more." (Matron goes after two more.)

Cyrus: "Lordy, Lordy! I ain't got my breath yit. That little critter makes me dizzy."

Matron (returns with two, bringing them up together): "This is Ella Phantine, a good girl who wants an education." (Ella is a bright looking girl with heavy, black eyebrows. She is stooped and very nervous, putting both hands into her pockets and bringing them forward till the pockets touch in front of her, then back again, continuously, looking down all the time.)

Cyrus: "Well, howdy, Ella. Looky here, you going' to be a school ma'am?"

Ella: "Yessir; I hope to, sir. I'm most twelve, sir, and in the eighth grade, sir. I'd rather study than do anything else, sir. I hope I wouldn't have to work too hard to your house."

Cyrus: "Bless you, child; you won't have to (looking significantly at Maggie and nudging her hard with his elbow). How about the other gal, madam?"

Matron: "This is Allie Mony." (Allie is a very plain looking girl but straight and strong; face covered with freckles. She grins at them with confidence.)

Cyrus: "Now, Allie, I reckon you're a swimmer or suthin'." (Grinning at her.)

Allie: "I can't do anythin' but wade; takes water to swim in."

Cyrus: "Oh, sure; I forgot that."

Allie: "But you **can bet** I know how to work. I c'n wash an' iron, an' scrub an' wash dishes, an' churn an' milk the cows an' feed the pigs an' chickens an' ride the horses."

Cyrus: "Whoa there, gal; too much is enough (laughing). Let me git my breath." (Maggie laughs, too.)

Allie: "Oh, please sir; take me; take me home with you. They say I'm the homeliest girl here; nobody will ever marry me. I'll live with you folks fifty years an' work forever. (Talks rapidly.) Oh, **DO TAKE ME!**" (Clasps her hands beseechingly.)

Maggie: "We'll see, dearie."

Matron: "That is all, girls; you may go."

Cyrus: "Any more like her?"

Matron: "One more. I'll give her a chance, she's so tender-hearted and a good little thing." (Goes after her.)

Cyrus: "Well, Maggie; how about the freckled kid. She's no beauty."

Maggie: "Say, Paw; she's the only one I like, an' being homely, she's likely to stay by us a good while. Some rancher'l carry her off some day. We never axed about her folks. What you think of takin' her?"

Cyrus: "Oh, I'm agreeable. She looks like a right smart gal, and ain't skeered o' no kind o' work. She c'd soon learn to rope steers."

Matron (returns, bringing a colored girl. Cyrus and Maggie stare with bulging eyes. Cyrus whistles): This is Topsy Turvy. She's a good little worker."

Cyrus: "Gee, whiz, madam; we want one looks somethin' like our own. They'd hardly think she was ourn, would they, Maggie? (Maggie snickers.)

(Topsy stands with one foot over the other, rolling her eyes.)

Topsy: "Oh, Lordy, wisht I had a home; Dear **LORDY**; wisht I had a home."

Cyrus: "I wisht you had, Topsy; but mine ain't big enough for you."

Topsy: "Youall lookin' fo' 'n norphan, mistah? I'm **it**. Neva had no fathah, neva had no mothah. Stork done brung me to ole Mammy White."

Matron: "That will do, Topsy; you may go." (Topsy goes out moaning, "Lordy, Lordy; wisht I had a home.")

Cyrus: "What kind of folks had Allie Mony? She suits us purty good."

Matron: "Her parents were farmers and drowned during a flood as they were crossing a bridge it gave way. Allie was with a neighbor."

Cyrus (rising): Well, pack 'er up; we'll take 'er, eh, Maggie?"

Maggie: "Yes, Cyrus; but I spose she has nothing to pack."

Cyrus: "My, this is harder work than pitchin' hay."

(The matron brings her in, wearing an old hat, and the other girls crowd around to say goodbye. Allie clings to Cyrus' hand, very happy, and Cyrus beams and hands a bag of gumdrops to them which they tear open and scramble for as they fall. Cyrus and Maggie leave with Allie while the orphans call after her: "Goodbye." "Wisht I'se a-goin'." "Send somebody here for me." Etc.)

(Curtain.)



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